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A Coates.
Whi

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Arthur Coates

With W. Whitford's

kind regards.

Mar 28 4, 1881

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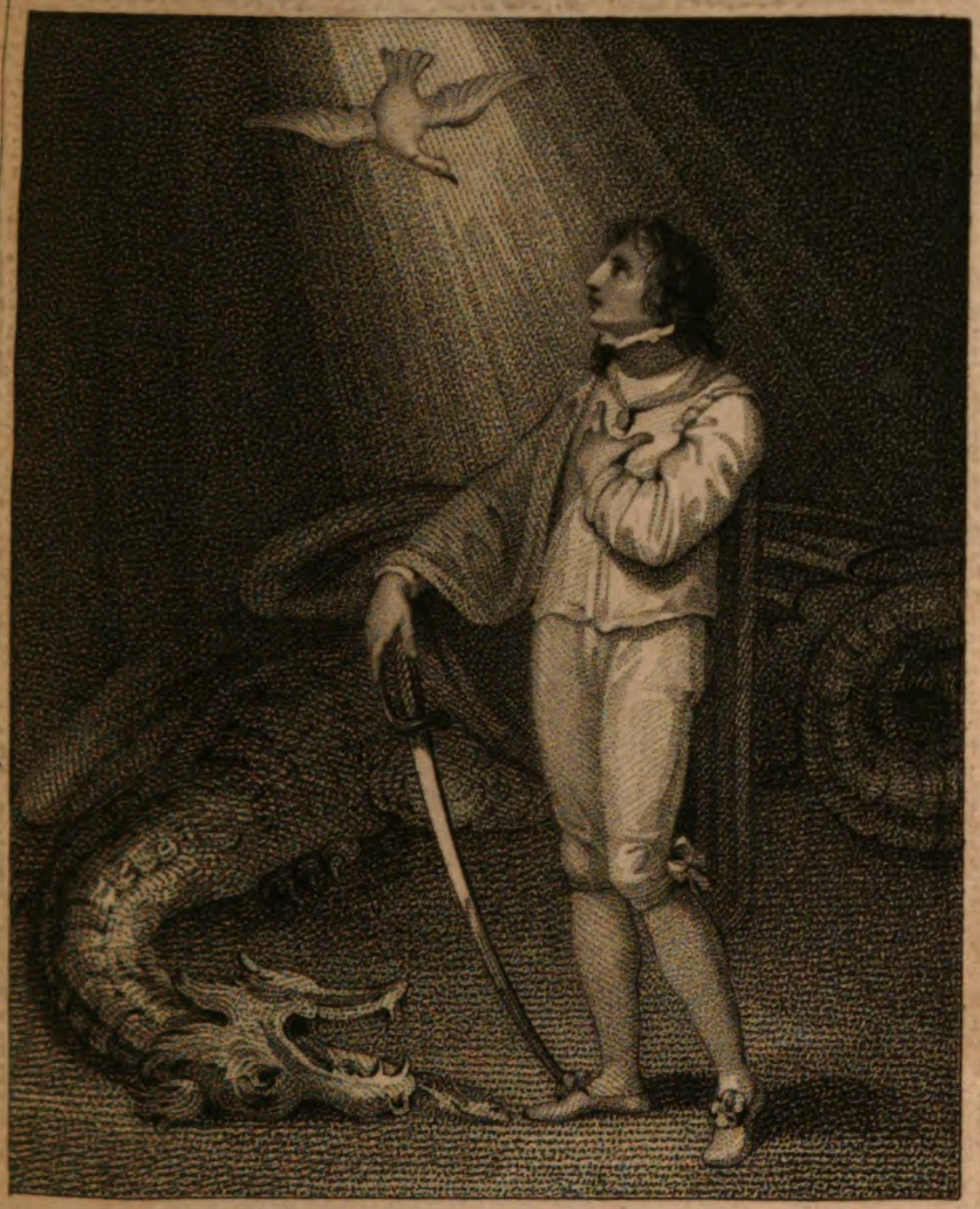

SAVAGE.

Just as th'invet'rate Son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends

The Wanderer.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A. *Engraved by P.W. Tomkins.*

Published 1.st June 1807. by John Sharpe
Piccadilly

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

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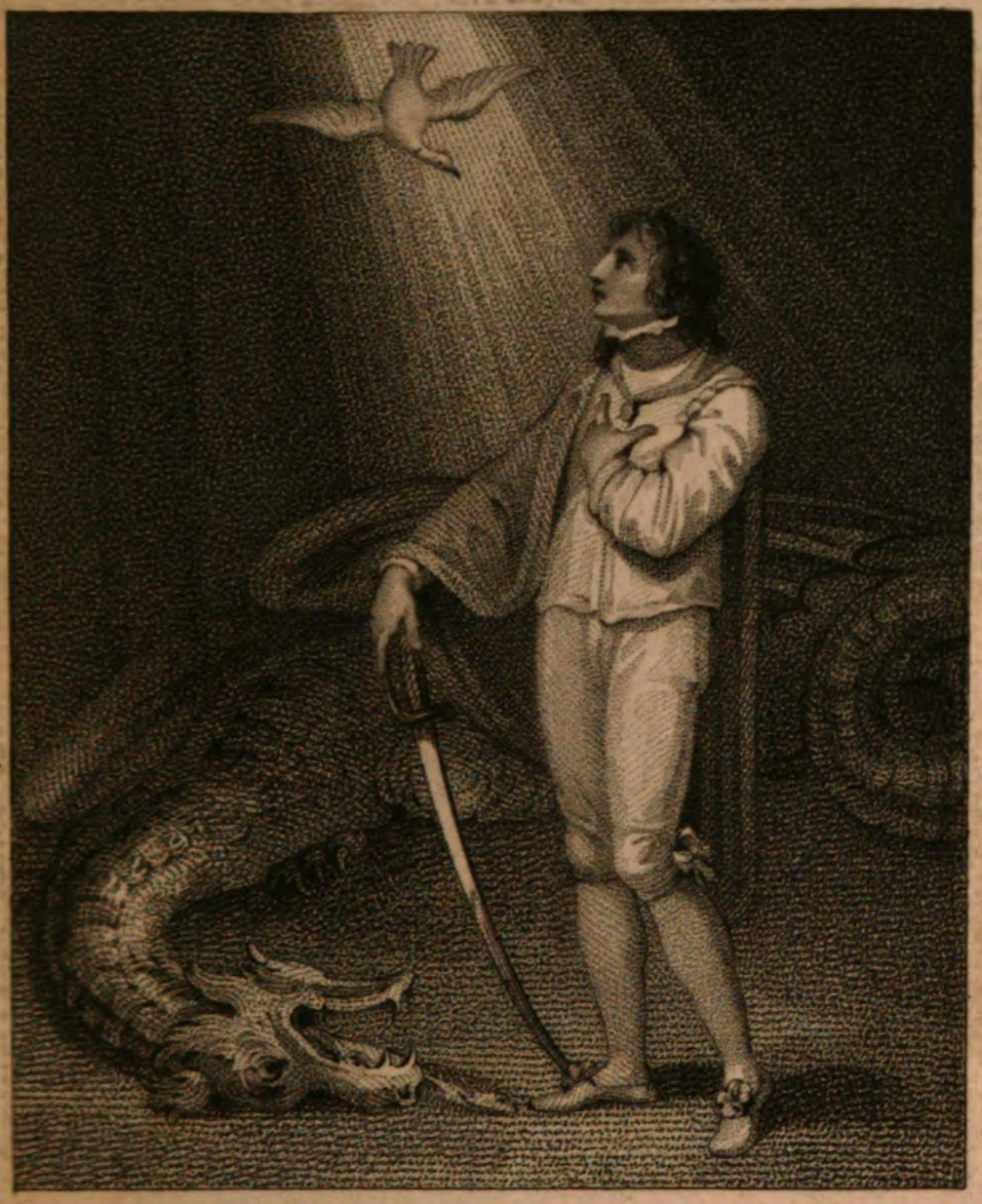

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ENCOMIUMS ON SAVAGE.

FROM

DYER'S EPISTLE TO SAVAGE.

THEE, SAVAGE, thee the justly great admire;
Thee, quickening judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire:
Thee, slow to censure, willing to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

FROM

PRESTON'S EPISTLE

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, DISSUADING HIM FROM POETRY.

OH, SAVAGE! doubly born of noble kind,
And tenfold noble in the' exalted mind.
Oft to themselves their pangs the wretched owe;
But, SAVAGE, thine from crimes of others flow:
What demons steel a shameless woman's breast!
Maternal fury, will those never rest?
With vilest falsehoods, every fiend-like art,
The human harpy rends his bleeding heart.
Unwearied hate the curse of being gave,
Pursued through life, and sunk him to the grave.

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Oh, SAVAGE! curst with elegant desires,
The' ennobled nature, the poetic fires;
Thy roving wishes spread the' unwearied wing,
Their sad returns of misery to bring:
No peaceful olive proves their wanderings past,
But noxious herbs, and fruits of bitterest taste.
In dreary prospect dire existence lies,
Where crowding sorrows, woes on woes arise,
The murder'd hopes, departed faith of friends,
And mildest death the long perspective ends.
Alas! what joy thy parting moment smooth'd,
By Pope embitter'd, by a jailor sooth'd;
Strange comforter! he cheer'd thy prison's gloom,
He gave thy relics to the decent tomb.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ.

WHOM Phœbus favour'd, on whom fortune frown'd,
Lies deep, beneath this consecrated ground;
SAVAGE the name,—he was design'd by fate,
That err'd at his conception, to be great.
And such he was, in boundless wit and pride,
Title and heir his mother's lust denied.
His life was want, yet could his duteous verse
The cruel's praise, that help withheld, rehearse.
Danger extreme, the' unhappy lawless knew;
And woes he felt, as woes were all his due;
Twice sovereign mercy found a Queen to save,
From pitying Heaven, to end his cares—a grave.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

BARON CHARLEVILLE, AND LORD BROWNLOW,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript, and it was no small pride to me, when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me. But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance: no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your Lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those, who lingered

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in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordship, and the present ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shows itself in a manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in parliament, and your constant attachment to liberty, and the royal, illustrious house of our most gracious Sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which

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has been so lately shed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

Quodspiro et placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful

And devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

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THE WANDERER:

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit.
VIRG.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlow, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise:
Yet, though unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;

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To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul;
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st with a creative skill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou show'st a mind serene;
Where kind content from noise and courts retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd, whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.
The solar fires now faint and watry burn,
Just where, with ice, Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all the' inverted year.
When frost and fire with martial powers engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night,
O'er cheerless scenes by desolation own'd,
High on an alp of ice he sits enthron'd!

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One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard instains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns:
O'er tedy magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robes snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And, stretching eastward, half the world secures,
Defies discovery, and like time endures!
Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
The' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!

It comes! I feel it o'er my soul [illegible]
Still giant begins, and frost retains the scene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes ran!
Still floats the sound, thrill-winding, from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the silvan war!
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-
brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when Heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wily fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoky fate speeds thundering through the
gloom!
Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, adventurous, on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown;
Where shall I turn, a Wanderer, and alone?
From hilly winds, and depths where snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
Emerr'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crisped snows!
Tangles of frost half fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a lowering sky!

Hence down the hills two turbid rivulets pour,
And desious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There, the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails!
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take;
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd stone deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels through a distant wood,
And, thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.
So blend two souls by Heaven for union made,
And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every transient turn their aim
Through finite life to infinite the same.
Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!—Now, new rocks rear'd high,
Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye.
There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
Through such the palace-lamp gay lustre throws!
Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
Through these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy,

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Hence computed many a circled voyage seems,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight surveys
Instructive there from orb to orb the straight,
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll'd
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole.
You rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incav'd secure the exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains, on the coast, the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The fanctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
Yon limpless sands, loose driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find;
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and, brightening, hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, you sea forgets to rave;
Though lash'd by storms, with naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.
Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—a puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
Swift hundred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!)

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Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet patience labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion in his eye, surveys my grief,
And, in his voice, invites me to relief:
'Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget—each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.'
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts, each forming a perspective scene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring;
Nor mourn we, absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine:
And savoury cates, upon clean embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.
The Hermit, thus: 'Thou wonder'st at thy fare.
On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill life, her charities produce:

Accept without reward; mock'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that God, (who in the time of need,
In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distrest.'
He paus'd.—Deep thought upon his aspect glow'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd:
'I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
Of England I—To me the British state
Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here stand we conscious:—diffidence suspend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse attend
To grots, where contemplation smiles serene,
Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices rise?
Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
This cave—yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold;
Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze
What cannot industry completely raise?
Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
By industry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the sword to smite, he sheathes the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shows the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increase,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.

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He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics stand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound;
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as pleasure's seat he shows!
Their marts, sports, councils are for action wrought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!—if further we explore,
Let Industry deserve applause the more.
No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.
Mark!—here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!—gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture swell the watry sound;
And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—new scenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

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We [illegible] where, in well-[illegible] order, stood
The' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
'These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys.
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What Heaven inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
What Young, satiric and sublime, has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
To virtue and the Muse far ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.
'These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning sang
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace,
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some nobler hard their worth unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shows the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye hards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?

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Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan;
Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
Whence springs the misery pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: by wisdom's pow'r,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noontide course forbear?
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.'

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane and wise he shows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, though depress'd, through all his form appears;
Through all his sentiments, the depth of years.

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Thus ye—'Yet farther industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her power away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets, nations to repentance call! [groan!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt, the pensive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
'Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born,
To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.

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Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd;
The wearied virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child: her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her busied consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.

'Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath the o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noontide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unsufferable, magnificent, and near!
What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall, the suppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns, the cross, that felt him die!
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.
There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
See; but struck down with horrible surprise!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendor of the moon.

'Here peopled day, the' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
Now fast-increasing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like some vast meteor high in ether rais'd!

'My labour, yon high-vaulted altar stains
With dyes, that emulate ethereal plains.
The convex glass which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!

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Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, all
Back from the God, a showery radiance fall,
Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!
'Here waterfalls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!
This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!'
He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends to' impart,
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening heaven upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies,
In the fond pelican is love exprest,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—In wild despair,
The hermit cries—'So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys!'
Again soft tears upon his eyelid hung,
Again check'd sounds died, fluttering, on his tongue.

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Too well his pining inmost thought I knew!
Too well e'en silence tells the storied woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory shew,
Ey'd wistful by the admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;
Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
'Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, to' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!—my heaven at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir!
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
The' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine?
That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?

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Ah!—What are these, which e'en the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft,
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!
'Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!
"Olympia!—My Olympia's lost!" I cry.
"Olympia's lost!" the hollow vaults reply.
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they sweep!
The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!
"Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of Spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts, and secret terrors dwell;
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!

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Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here first Credulity on Reason won!
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!
'Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancied echoes wound the' affrighted ear!
Air banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all-obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
'Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away;
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones; those thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.
'Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiplied, that group of woes.
This endless foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;

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She [illegible] o'er her woe embroider'd west,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, though slumbers dose her eyes.
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace.
Now eyes the sun, and curses every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance! again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
"From me, (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name! [claim,
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here every object proffers grief a cure." [shoot!
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening
"Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sovereign root!"
Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap you rock, possess a watry grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from misery frees;"
She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!—calm thoughts the deed
revolve,
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!

I come, Olympia;—My rear'd arm extends,
Half to my breast the threatening point descends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice resounds—"Arise! away!
Away! nor murmur at the' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines:
By woe, the soul to daring actions swells;
By woe, in painless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress."
'The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice:—
"Would'st thou be happy! Straight be death thy choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain!
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress:
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever blest!"
'Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
"Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.

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Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore!
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!"
'I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—He rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire! His scales, bedropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! Such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast!
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath the unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And fate meant him, the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk slow-loosens every fold,
Lingers in life; then stretches stiff, and cold;
Just as the' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends;
I hail this omen! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.
'Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incense on my altar smoke!
There, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke!
She hears!—She comes!—My heart what raptures warm!
All my Olympia sparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears!
Each roseate look a quickening transport wears!

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A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests;
Unzon'd, the swelling beauty of her breasts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids the embrace)
"Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou swim'st before my view!"
Dipt in ethereal dews, her bough divine [shine:
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
"Oh, fly not!—fade not! listen to Love's call;
She flies!—no more I'm man!—I'm spirit all!
Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me whole!
Oh, close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul!
Twice round her waist my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—"Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge, what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me with despair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus"—"Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling; and, in her smile, soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;

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This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb!
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost; for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In Music's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire."
She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
The enchanting voice still warbles in my mind;
But, lo! the unbodied vision fleets away!—
—"Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay—for thee my memory learns to smart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Then love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay,
From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah! let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!"
Alas!—she's fled!—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed:

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Sighs choke my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on here:—but, through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor!—
The roof swift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat.
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But, from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love:
She tells me "Truth prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour
prize;
Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul!

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Ravish'd I gaped—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way;
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!'—He ended!—I replied:
'O Hermit! thou art worth severely tried!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-springs, each weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on the abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then sheds the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.'

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows,
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: 'Behold the light's decay;
Back to yon city let me point thy way:
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watry radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountains' head:

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To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. [way;
'Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep her crimson orb now shines:
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen; her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams;
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare!
See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines her broken lustre plays;
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.
'Now silver turn her beams!—Yon den they gain;
The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled mane.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for game,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
O dire presage! But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
How men, and spirits, chase the night away!
Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds adventrous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.

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There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly,
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate rise;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
"For amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
To some fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Mantl'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind;
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.
"Hark!—the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light claps its wings!—It views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high-wrought, that blackening nods in
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn prayer;
The decent tomb; the verse, that sorrow gives,
Where to remembrance sweet, fair virtues lives.

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'Now, to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are deep'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross ether swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires;
In fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise,
To them wild omens, science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds innumber'd, and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
Till now the transient glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens mid involving frost!
Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on the' ethereal plain!
The learn'd one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new, illustrious star!'
The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk;—the city near in view!
'Here from still life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!

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But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O lust? Short blessings, bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal?
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snaky venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam,
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers!—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight, with a falling tear, the speech he clos'd.
That tenderness which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to general views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

'Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly;
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time, destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

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'O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first-rank'd, were sure design'd, the great!
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign reason from her empire flies;
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.
'The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
'Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrap'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction low'r!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:

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And straight beneath a summon'd, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof; and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
'While here dark Villany herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient Bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
"My Muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!

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So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpitied in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!

'O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

'But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like, he passes through the crowd,
Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert to avarice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust Derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.

'Yet, suffering Worth! thy fortitude will shine;
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!

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Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown!
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distrest,
Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey;
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan;
Commission'd now, the falsehood he reveals,
To justice soon the' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by this wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.
'But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
Since mystic heav'n gives misery oft to bless?
Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

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Heav'n sees, and makes the' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear:
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
'From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.
'The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.
'Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour:
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares;
Shows the yet-spouting wound, the' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;

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The deep obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The safe, the stalking probe, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.
'These spirits, treason of its power divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch, in vision sweet, the dying friend.
'But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks the enchanter's spell!
And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haste! I fly—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
Tell him my fate, and be his pain surest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worship'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Deprived of charming woman, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!
Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What blooms, what brightness lustres o'er her cheeks!
Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.'
He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

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CANTO IV.

Still o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway;
Still on strange visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws:
From vernal heat pale Winter, forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watry eye;
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding Spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks, contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slippery paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds;
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale-glimmering, like a moon that wanes,
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks! vast floating mountains beat the shore;
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near, the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs through the vast profound,

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Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late-dark pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar alp to frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men! unsocial those!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
Now he recounts vast conquests lost, and won,
And taleful in the' embrace of frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem leads,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.
Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay:
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.

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The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe sweet; and strew her opening way with flow'rs.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return, with plenteous fare:
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along the aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.

Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine:
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white;
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.

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If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outstrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quick'ning eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative power his presence brings?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist:
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
To' unlock his fence, the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And, ere forth-driv'n, recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain defied,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.
Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey;
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day:
He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.
The watry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.
Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aspires!
The juices wrought by thy directive force,
Through plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;

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Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
Bleed in sick gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair:
She milks the flocks, then, listening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small, vaulted labyrinths, in vain;
Entangling nets betray the shipping train;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.
The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, the' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image, human kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.
O, Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;

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Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?
The sun shines broken through yon arch, that
rears
This once-round fabric, half deprived by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of these forbode,
Which, nodding, just upheave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aërial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er freeborn states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant,
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep it flies with torrent force,
Flashes, and roars, and ploughs a devious course.
Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains
show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat.
Heat never enters here; but coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watry veins.
Secluded now I trace the' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;

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Through days, months, years, through time's whole course I run,
And present stand, where time itself begun.
Ye mighty dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings;
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on the' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.
Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn:
Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrows strains,
When Singer[1] for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.
But hark! a sudden power attunes the air!
The' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;

[1] Miss Elizabeth Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, wrote an affectionate Elegy on the death of her husband, whom she termed Alexis.

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Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks
prolong.
I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd;
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame:
Full-orb'd it shone, and dim'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects dane'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood! amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?—
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey,
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—"All hail! (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise:
The vanish'd meteor, was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I know the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd;
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heav'n-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mild, silent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling
shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end!
She, only she, can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

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CANTO V.

We left the cave: 'Be Fear (said I) defied!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.'
By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion, bends:
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy show'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watry racer, snatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups, beneath, far-striking colours glance,
Bright as the' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source:
Through her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dim'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;

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Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks;—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.
Each liveried cloud, that round the' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r.
Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat-polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy, next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All-starr'd with gems: a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes,
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight,
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bad creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.

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Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia[2], seem,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her, Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse.
The Muse!—she comes!—retir'd the passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air:
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
Enamour'd round her press the' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.
Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind:
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the globy ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My hermit thus: 'She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!'
Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;

[2] Mrs. Oldfield.

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Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos,
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.
But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once in discord drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd:
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsied head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
But, pausing, knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars reascend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.

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When I view greatness, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did Heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies:
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then turning, with a smile of pity, say:
'Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When godlike souls endure a mean restraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great.
And though depress'd, superior to their fate,
Minions in power, and misers, mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor. [aid;
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In power we savage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Lybia raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters
breed;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed;

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No sheltry trees invite the Wanderer's eye;
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds, no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.'
My Hermit thus: 'I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle, through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Lybia thou naun'st—Yet Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here, when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.

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Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide shatter'd, and her dead up-torn:
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or should we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.
  Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled flow'r;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave:

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Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play;
But industry prepares them oft, to please
The guilty pride of vain luxuriant ease.
Now frequent, dusty gales, offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift, near down the' ethereal steep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint the' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.
Now crooked, stony roads, change rising views
From brown to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, yok'd teams, steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke, along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges, mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view.
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees, rich with gums and fruits; with jewels, rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;

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Mountains with mines, with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
And thicket hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The Muse preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands,
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dim'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.
The Hermit thus:—'In him the Bard behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The Bard, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—Where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,

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Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief denied.'
But thus the Bard:—'Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—these! ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim, your pity; but my lot, your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I soothe vice, or venal strokes betray,
In the low-purpos'd, loud, polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heavenly truths profane?
Never—and yet, when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloth'd me naked, or, when hungry, fed?
Why crush'd the living? why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause!
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mouldering tomb! be mine the lay
Immortal!'—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Though words like these, unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;

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To walk, disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan, oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wandering, from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow;
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.
Oft, as when man, in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd;
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience that softens every sad extreme,
That casts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam;
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king;
'Gainst want, a sourer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees the ingratitude of friends.
Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When watry structures, seen cross heav'n to ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide:
She sees good angels genial showers bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: he views the prime;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;

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There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequall'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
Along the grove, in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
And indigo, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft through these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Beheld a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show;
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays,
Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise;
Though one bad age such poesy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:

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Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain;
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant, pattering rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad ethereal plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces, from our view decay.
Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast-pursued by shades of night.
You graves from winter-scenes to mind recal
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds, up-flew;
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise;
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar; accus'd, accuse; revil'd, revile;
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear:
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.
Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave!

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Flosin, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd;
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-swelling tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst alas, his doom!—What friend replies;
Each speaks with shaking head, and downcast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear:
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear:
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown,
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough, struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor ought of life, nor ought of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—collected in himself he seems,

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And with forc'd smiles retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
If with himself at variance, ever wild,
With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential prisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down the unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display,
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?—He strains to seize the prize;
Quick, from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—'And must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep!'
Sleep comes; but liberty no more—unkind,
The dungeon glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide flying portals seem, unhing'd, to fall;
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful dint
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on pray'r?
Alas! bad spirits turn these thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?

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Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he strikes—May Heaven the deed
forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were *his* success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life misspent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground:
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies—warn'd, let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast lessens, as the shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of power through him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by the' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him, from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shun'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.

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His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye how charming must he shine?
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius, bear in heart.
Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desperate spirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east, whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd;
'Behold a man, like one of us!' they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Avarice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pitied still, and still redress'd:

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Learning was his, and knowledge to command,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er,
And virtue and content were then no more.
But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits saint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.
He seeks in Heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain,
His guardian angel swift descends again;
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
—' Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?

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No!—from her clearer sight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail, then, ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,—ay, far indeed!
Like me have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind;
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who first taught me woe!
But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless, lies!
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?—It shocks, it murders rest.
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom-strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly—I tear you from my heart.
'Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er con-
In my last hour compose, support my soul! [trol,

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See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me, to eternal day!'
With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.
Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.
Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents strike the scaly train:
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast;
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful love.
Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd!

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But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
Resists what kind seraphic sounds instil,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
No friendly stars directive beams display.
But, lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
'Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah, no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—my destin'd end
Near, and more near—nay, every fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night;
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping murmuring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd:

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But clos'd not long—methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood:
Rapt'rous I started up, to clasp the shade,
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chilness o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now sent a far imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd:
Still farther off she call'd—with soft surprise
I turn'd—but void of strength and aid to rise;
Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my struggling soul unburden'd flew,
Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died!'
He said:—the' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart:
'Art thou not mortal then?' (I cried) But, lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air,
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme:
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand listening round!
Thus he:—'As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!

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Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With different lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in every view.
My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way;
As far transcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
In voice and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms;
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons, and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The Seraph-Bard, in highest order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our second hymeneals sung:

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Still, as we pass'd, the bright celestial throng
Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.
'Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
I come an angel to the Muse and thee.
These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wou'dst peace attain, my words attend,
The last fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a seraph that to Heav'n aspires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid celestial choirs:
But should no cares a mortal state molest,
Life were a state of ignorance at best.
'Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
Justly to know thyself peruse mankind;
To know thy God, paint Nature on thy mind:
Without such science of the worldly scene
What is retirement?—empty pride or spleen;
But with it—wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On Nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal:
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falsehood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;

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And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.'
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

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THE

BASTARD:

A POEM.

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO

MRS. BRETT,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam.

OV. MET.

PREFACE.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a

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Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint.—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe: for being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining. Possessing those advantages my care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy life; by the want of them, I am taught this nobler lesson—to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

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THE

BASTARD.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
'Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways
He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stampt in nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His firstborn lights, no prejudice confounds;
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
'Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.

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'O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
'What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of the husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
'Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.'
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose, and to act, were one;

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Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd—or thou had'st died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood, from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late;
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one day
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame:
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd:
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

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O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—no Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before;
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

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THE

PROGRESS OF A DIVINE.

A SATIRE.

All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folk, some bad, some good.
What's vice or virtue, sure admits no doubt;
Then, clergy, with church mission, or without,
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater shame.
Mark how a country curate once could rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise!
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, importe it not:
A servitor he was—'Of hall, or college?'
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.
Four years, through foggy ale, yet made him see
Just his neck-verse to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added sleeves, he now may wear;
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unsconc'd, the buttery book shall own;
At prayers, though ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
He gains a cassock, beaver, and a rose.
A curate now, his furniture review!
A few old sermons, and a bottle-screw.
'A curate?—Where? His name (cries one) recite!
Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight?'

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Why, our's loves pudding—'Does he so?—'tis he!
A servitor!'—Sure Curl will find a key.
His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes;
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;
Doctor! (quoth they)—and, lo! a scarf he bears!
A swelling, ruffling, glossy scarf! yet he,
By peer unqualified, as by degree.
This curate learns church-dues, and law to tease,
When time shall serve, for tithes and surplice-fees;
When 'scapes some portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour;
And rendering vain her parent's prudent cares,
To sharper weds her, and with sharper shares.
Let babes of poverty convulsive lie;
No bottle waits, though babes unsprinkled die.
Half-office serves the funeral, if it bring
No hope of scarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair desponding lie,
With scrupulous conscience, though she knows not why?
Would cordial counsel make the patient well?
Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.
His cant some orphan's piteous case shall bring;
He bids her give the widow's heart to sing:
He pleads for age in want; and, while she lingers,
Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers.
Now in the patron's mansion see the wight,
Factious for power—a son of Levy right!
Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior clergy seem.
He flatters till you blush; but, when withdrawn,
'Tis his to slander, as 'twas his to fawn.

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He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise;
And from such mischief thus can plead desert—
'Tis all my patron's interest at my heart.
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.
At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this Apostle, for a daintier dish,
With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen, what the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar, with the butler, brother sot;
Here too he corks, in brewhouse hops the beer;
Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear;
Dextrous to pack; yet at all cheats exclaiming:
The priest has avarice; avarice, itch of gaming;
And gaming, fraud!—but fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now!—but oh, if gammon'd there,
The startling echoes learn, like him, to swear!
Though ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,
To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
Voters, to make the 'squire's election sure: [bawl,
For this, where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod justice some horse-laugh would raise,
Foremost, the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
To say, or unsay, at his patron's nod;
To do the will of all—save that of God.
His interest the most servile part he deems;
Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;

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He sways his patron, rules the lady most,
And, as he rules the lady, rules the roast.
Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd; or, as his power increases,
Unless they fine to him, renew no leases:
Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.
Luxury he loves; but like a priest of sense,
Ev'n luxury loves not at his own expence:
Though harlot passions wanton with his will,
Yet avarice is his wedded passion still.
See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
While the rich grease hangs glistening on his chin;
Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment-hem soft-trickling shines!
He feeds, and feeds, swills soup, and sucks up marrow;
Swills, sucks, and feeds, till, lecherous as a sparrow.
Thy pleasure, Onan, now no more delights,
The lone amusement of his chaster nights.
He boasts—(let ladies pat him to the test!)
Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.
With stiffening nerves, now steals he sly away;
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for amorous play;
Ripe to caress the lass he once thought meet
At church to chide, when penanc'd in a sheet.
He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce, short sallies, of luxurious love.
Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they,
In straining transports, more lascivious lay.
Conceives her womb, while each so melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills:

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No more falls penance cloth'd in shame upon her;
These kill her embryo, and preserve her honour.
Riches, love, power, his passions then we own:
Can he court power, and pant not for renown?
Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name:
Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heaven the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)
The ways of earth, he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;
He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumbrous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.
Ye hooting boys, 'Oh, well-play'd parson!' cry;
'Oh, well-play'd parson!' hooting vales reply!
Winds waft it to cathedral domes around!
Cathedral domes from inmost choirs resound!
The man has many meritorious ways:
He'll smoke his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
His public prayers, his oaths, for George declare;
Yet mental reservation may forswear;
For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
Hiccups, and, staggering, cries—'King Jemmy's health.'
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.
He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author saith;
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Those, who a jot from mother-church recede,
He damns, like any Athanasian creed.
He rails at Hoadley; so can zeal possess him,
He's orthodox, as Gibson's self—God bless him.

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Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanks-
giving,
Sweeps off the incumbent now of fat-goose living.
He seeks his patron's Lady, finds the fairy
And for her interest first prefers his prayer—
'You pose me not (said she) though hard the task;
Though husbands seldom give what wives will ask.
My dearee does not yet to think incline,
How oft your nest you feather, priest, from mine.
This pin-money, though short, has not betray'd;
Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpay'd;
Mine is the female, fashionable skill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor sins my priest demurer than his prude.
Least thinks my Lord, you plant the secret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.
'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unquestion'd—where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?
I gave you power, the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My interest, wealth—for these alone you burn;
With these you leave me, and with these return:
Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;
The sick to visit—some miles off to preach;
—You come not, but to suck one like a leech.'
Thus, lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.
She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind:
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.

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He leaves her to his patron warm applies:
'But, parson, mark the terms! (his patron cries)
You does you hold for me, and handsmaid Nell:
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjectures:
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lectures!
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
And fat goose living then is yours for life!'
Patron and sponse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child.
Smock simony agreed—Thus curate rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise.
Vicars (poor wights!) for lost impropriation,
Rue, though good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from curate, see our soul's protector
No murmuring vicar, but rejoicing rector.
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own!
His patron can't revoke, but may repent:
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will!)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.
Vestries he rules—ye lawyers, hither draw!
He smacks—his people deep are plung'd in law!
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining, foundling brat.
Now with churchwardens cribs the reverend thief,
From workhouse-pittance, and collection brief;
Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.
Poor folks he'll shun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch—to slide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul he fits for realms divine.

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Why could not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, ere yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chemist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware;
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place which love has sacred made.
Grudge heroes not your heads in stills inclos'd!
Grudge not, ye fair, your parts ripp'd up expos'd!
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes;
As here dead skulls in quickening cordials rise;
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs:
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himself for balsam sold.
Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.
Cheap he collects—his friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.
Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear;
His ale he traffics for a nobler cheer,
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds; others (ven'son-thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve!
No—though with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers—his books
Swell in accompts with poulterers and with cooks.
Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.

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His servants—hard has fate their lot decreed!
They toil like horses, like camelcons feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.
Him long, nor faithful services engage;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age!
His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread.
If decent powder deck the' adjusted hair;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone;
(Faults, though from thence her dowry, now his own)—
'Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing but a harlot's lure.
Sackcloth alone your sin should, penane'd, wear;
Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled, stare;
Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,
'Tis mine, my viands, and your soul to save.
Blood must be drawn, not swell'd—then strip, and dread
This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head!
Be yours the blubbering lip, and whimpering eye!
Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.
What, squall you? Call no kindred to your aid!
You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
Did [1] law Mosaic now in force remain,
Say to what father durst you then complain?
What had your virtue witness'd? Well I know,
No bridal sheets could virgin tokens show;
Elders had sought, but miss'd the signing red,
And law, then, harlot, straight had ston'd you dead.'

[1] For a particular account of this law, we refer to Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

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Nor former vice alone her pain insures;
Nelly, for present virtue, much endures:
For lo, she charms some wealthy, amorous 'squire!
Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
'Twere thus no sin, should love her limbs employ;
Be his the profit, and be her's the joy!
This, when her chastity, or pride denies;
His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.
At length, in childbed, she, with broken heart,
Tips off—poor soul!—Let her in peace depart!
He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;
He weeps, and weeps—oh, how he weeps—for joy!
Then cries, with seeming grief, 'Is Nelly dead?
No more with woman creak my couch or bed!'
'Tis true, he spouse nor doxy more enjoys;
Women farewell! he lusts not—but for boys.
This priest, ye clergy, not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
Should satire quirks of vile attornies draw;
Say, would that mean to ridicule all law? Sledge,
Describe some murdering quack with want of know-
Would true physicians cry—'You mean the college?'
Blest be your cloth!—but, if in him, 'tis curst,
'Tis as best things, corrupted, are the worst.
But lest with keys the guiltless Curl defame,
Be publish'd here—Melchisedec his name!
Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have dropt him:
And Cambridge, *ad eundem*, shall adopt him.
Of Arts now Master him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
The scarf, he once usurp'd, becomes his right.
A Doctor! could he disputants refute?
Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.

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At fat-goose living seldom he resides;
A curate there, small pittance well provides.
See him at London, studiously profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd round.
He, from the broker, how to job discerns;
He, from the scrivener, art of usury learns;
How to let interest run on interest knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous trea-
Electors turn obedient to his pleasure. [sure,
Like Stebbing, let him country mobs support,
And then, like Stebbing, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres:
Not blushless Henley less abash'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in every trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Iscariot U—n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff;
Him, who ne'er argued, but with kick and cuff!
(My Weekly Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics seem low:
Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life, the more defame;
Quote him unfair; and, in expression quaint,
Force him to father meanings never meant!
Learn but mere names, resistless is your page;
For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.

*The worthy Orator.

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Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs com-
Let Heretic each reasoning Christian brand; [mand,
Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink!
Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think?
Invoke the Civil Power, not Sense, for aid;
Assert, not argue; menace, not persuade;
Show discord, and her fiends would save the nation;
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!

'By me, and Webster, finish'd thus at school,
Last for the pulpit, learn this golden rule!
Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle first yourself, your audience next:
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart!
Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well;
But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell.
What is this faith? Not what (as Scripture shows)
Appeals to reason, when 'twould truth disclose;
This, against reason, dare we recommend?
Faith may be true; yet not on truth depend.
'Tis mystic light—a light which shall conceal;
A revelation, which shall not reveal.
If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox—in brief,
Belief, not orthodox, is not belief;
And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Christian—Codex bids you this maintain!'

Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no grace,
To seat episcopal our Doctor trace!
Codex, deceiving the superior ear,
Procures the *Congé* (much miscall'd) *D'Elire*.
(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith, without one virtue, shall do well.)
The Dean and Chapter, daring not to' enquire,
Elect him—Why?—to shun a *præmunire*.

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Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;
Organs within, and bells without resound.
Lawn-sleev'd, and mitred, stand he now confest:
See Codex consecrate!—a solemn jest!
The wicked's prayers prevail not—pardon me,
Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend—no knee.
Like other priests, when to small sees you send 'em,
Let ours hold fat-goose living *in commendam!*
An officer, who ne'er his King rever'd;
For traitorous toasts, and cowardice cashier'd;
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs, that poison'd half the country round;
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take physic, and (for honour's sake) miscarry:
A lawyer, fam'd for lengthening bills of cost,
While much he plagued mankind, his clients most;
To lick up every neighbour's fortune known,
And then let luxury lick up all his own;
A Cambridge sopb, who once for wit was held
Esteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd;
With parts, his Lordship's lame ones to support,
In well-tim'd sermons fit to cant at court;
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordship's senate-speech, and pastoral letter:
These four, to purify from sinful stains,
This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains.
His chaplains these? and each of rising knows
These righteous arts, by which their patron rose.
See him Lord-Spiritual, dead-voting seated!
He soon (though ne'er to Heaven) shall be translated.
Would now the mitre circle Rundle's crest? [ed.
See him, with Codex, ready to protest!
Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop, rise;
Though neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise!

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Think not these lays, ye clergy, would abuse;
Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the Muse—
All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are like other folks, some bad, some good.
The good no sanction give the wicked's fame;
Nor, with the wicked, share the good in shame.
Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus—
'Is the priest work'd?—The poet's one of us.'
Free-thinkers, bigots are alike to me;
For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free;
Those, speculative without speculation,
Call mystery and credulity, salvation.
Let us believe with reason, and in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never shall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

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EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Still let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate;
Expos'd, persist; and answer'd, still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
  Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And history question the recording Muse;

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'Tis this alone to aftertimes must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope!
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where science, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flies innocence distress'd
To you, who chase oppression from the' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more despair.
Ask they what state your sheltering care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will:
To friends retir'd, thy private life adher'd
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd:
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,

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Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made gentle flourish, and made art excel.
How lately, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain.
But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When power oppression, not protection, grew;
View present ills that punish distant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.
Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Storied with griefs, and stain'd with human gore?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Studied, empower'd, and sanctified by zeal?
Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!
His rav'g'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze;
His wife, his babe, denied their little home,
Strip'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpitied roam.
Lo, the priest's hand the wafer-God supplies.—
A king by consecrated poison dies!
See Learning range you broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and godlike science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the godlike sciences gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames the' expensive wisdom fell,
And truth from Heav'n was sorcery from hell.
See reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!

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Zeal shall such heresy, like learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.
Lo, from sought mercy one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar,
So doom'd are these; and such perhaps our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it Heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone false zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
'What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy?' (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks the thundering cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord, are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red Massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to the' assassin's hand is given!
The' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of Heaven!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue stops his rage.
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace!
Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous power! nor noble, nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.

See titles sold, to raise that unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase, or be fin'd, or buy.
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd, censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd the unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Dreading, see where dungeon damps arise,
Disease the pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worst.
New courts of censure grievd with new offence;
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim;
Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No magistrate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd,
For the great cause of nature and mankind!
Who kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.
Who can review, without a generous tear,
A church, a state, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd, through polemic jars,
Rich;—but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away:
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when godlike William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?

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May Walpole still the growing triumphs raise,
And bid these emulate Eliza's days,
Still serve a prince, who o'er his people reigns,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state!
The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
Ev'n there shall liberty inspire retreat,
When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And sportive chat and social laughs go round;
Ev'n then, when passing mirth begins to fail,
The converse varies to the serious tale:
The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
To some deficient law relieftless woes.
What instant pity warms the generous breast!
How all the legislator stands confess'd!
Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know,
Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine.
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.
The freed insolvent, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
Thus ruthless men, who would his powers restrain,
Oft what severity would lose, obtain.
These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which liberty benevolent inspires:
From liberty the fruits of law increase,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
Adventrous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;

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At home untir'd we find the' auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear magnificent the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities statelier navies rise,
And spread our gandeur under distant skies,
From liberty each nobler science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
A Clark and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What trade sees property that wealth maintain,
Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe science every thought sublimes;
What royal Power, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But hens those patriot souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence on Britain shine,
What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

TO

MR. JOHN DYER, THE PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON; OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO[1].

Forgive an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpitied, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.
Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine;
Such vivid tinctures sure through ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd god this draught inspir'd;
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.

[1] See Dyer's Poems.

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But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.
Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise! [eyes,
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards, feast our
Now halcyon Peace a smiling aspect wears!
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside!
There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the horrors of the day.
But if new glories most our warmth excite;
If toils untried to noblest aims invite;
Would you in envied pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth, elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace,

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All that is soft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.
Thus shall your colours, like his worth, amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, glows one blaze of day!

TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL, IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM THE COUNTRY.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh, could my soul through depths of knowledge see,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of fate,
And draw e'en envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
The' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

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Oft have I said, we falsely those accuse,
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
Selfview, I mind, these seek ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.

Though verse can never give my soul her aim;
Though action only claims substantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n, by knowledge to aspire:
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm meant with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
For he, who useless in life survey'd,
Burdens that world, his duty bids him aid.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The great I would nor envy nor deride;
Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride;

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Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor crush the wretch beneath, who wailing lies;
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate;
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.
This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendship's beams.

MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED 'THE RASH RESOLVE.'

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her withering wreath, repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

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The sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear and Reason, Love's control,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal, half appear divine.
If, when some godlike, favourite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.
Eliza, still impaint Love's powerful Queen!
Let love, soft love! exalt each swelling scene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.
Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
Thy fable glows so rich through every page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage!
And yet—but say, if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where seeming transport softens every pain,
Where fancied freedom waits the winning chain!
Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!

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Say then, if love to sudden rage gives way,
Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
Charming and charm'd, can love from love retire?
Can a cold convent quench the unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine;
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

TO

MRS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Awed, I admire, and tremble as I praise.
Here art and genius new refinement need,
Listening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can art, or genius, or their powers combin'd,
But from corporeal organs sketch the mind?
When sound embodied can with shape surprise,
The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue adds the posture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the buried heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown, in stone!
As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, through Corinthian brass!
Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er sainted shrines!
If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!

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Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!
Fair, and more fair, you every grace transmit;
Love, learning, beauty, eleganee, and wit.
Cæsar, the world's unrivall'd master fir'd,
In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, sweet inspirer! were each annal known,
What living greatness shines there not your own?
If the grieved Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
New strength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each striking feature streams your soul!
The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inspires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs here you stand,
What fate declines, you from the Muse demand!
Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

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Whose just, ennobling thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all adorn'd in you!
If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress,
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS, OF WHITEHEAD.

As when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers unfold,
The low-laid lark the distant ether wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
So, when thy charms celestial views create,
My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
May it, if male, its grandsire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.
Hail Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest!
Weep not the scenes through which my life must run,
Though fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:

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That blood, which honour'd in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wanderings, trac'd my veins.
Want's wintry realm frore hand around my view;
And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew:
To such sad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!
Yet my Muse waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
And now the Muse heaven's milky path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering strays.
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round suns, fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!
Hence lights refracted run through distant skies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings;
In angel-forms thou see'st thy Rochford shine;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprang at thy wish, the sparkling life to infold!
So amidst cherubs shone her son retin'd,
Ere infant-flesh the new-form'd soul endurn'd!
So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—descendants of the skies.

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TO

*MISS M*** H***,*

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

See female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or lash severe:
Let Pope present such objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's stream[1] from Windsor's shades,
He sings the modest charms of silvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Laddal's spring[2] still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies!
Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come, charmer, come away!
But, hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts unconscious sung.

[1] Alluding to the beautiful episode of Lodona in 'Windsor Forest.'

[2] A spring near Burford.

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THE FRIEND.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O, my lov'd Hill, O thou by Heaven design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet—thou friend!
If worldly friendships of cement, divide,
As interests vary or as whims preside;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire,
There may young worth the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, the' obdurate mother felt no shame.

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Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals:
Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress:
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act the' obliger, seem the' oblig'd.

All-winning, mild, to each of lowly state:
To equals free, unservile to the great;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak!
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek,
That worthless bliss which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the Muse resound alone your praise?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays! [mine!—
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's
The world's!—beneficent behold him shine!

Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him other wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy:
To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid, his little wealth, perchance, denies,
In each hard instance, his advice supplies.

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With modest truth he sets the wandering right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;
In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere power was his, the man, he once caress'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast:
But asks his friend some dignity of state;
His friend, unequal to the' incumbent weight?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
All private well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls;
Or should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slavery, death, and desolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise,
Glory, in hers, is in his eye disgrace;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.
These are the lights, where stands that friend confest;
This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
What wouldst thou not, were wealth and greatness thine?

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TO

JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me, long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm,
As soon Llanelly's [1] fair that world to charm,
As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
To him I would unbosom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he wooes! his hopes succeed!
But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune crost,
Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.
Her his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature then such sudden shocks sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.

[1] Mrs. Bridget Jones.

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Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.
He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But, pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady, patriot-virtue, steers his mind.
Calm on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philosophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every past hictoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him, evangelic truth to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic Muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possest,
When most he renders all around him blest:
To unread 'squires illiterally gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.
Thus shines thy youth; and thus, my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to some nobler sphere should fortune raise,
To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise:
Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

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MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

ON THE

RECOVERY OF THE LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth, Euphrosynè her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her sire, and speaks her mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, wit, love, music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild ev'n want by thee is bless'd,
And pamper'd pride, without thee, pines for rest;
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind:

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Science, by thee, flows soft in social ease,
And virtue, loosing rigour, learns to please.
The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms the' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls,
'But where (she cried) is she, my favourite! she,
Of all my race the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?'
She said, but no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind, low murmurs, all the loss deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.
The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But mirth, like virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes,
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies;
She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest consort sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.
'Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.

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You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.'
'Such thy vast pow'r, (the deity replies)
Mirth never asks a boon which Health denies.
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are mine;
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.'
Euphrosynè rejoins—'Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister, in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.'
Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats alone in air;
Air feels, and softening owns the' ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,

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Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.
Saphira feels it with a soft surprise
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my pow'r!
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st, Euphrosynè; and conscious see,
Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!
'Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine,
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear the prize away;
There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.'

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VERSES,

SENT TO AARON HILL ESQ. WITH THE TRAGED OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY; EXPECTING HI TO CORRECT IT.

As the soul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way;
And views sweet prospects there;

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead, or brass,
At once to purest gold.

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VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. AARON HILL'S POEM, CALLED GIDEON [1].

Let other poets poorly sing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's most luxuriant store,
To swell some monster's pride who shames a state,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r!
Thou, who inform'dst this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts re-
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire, [fine,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet, seraphic lays
[Redeems the use of captive poetry,]
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise!

Moses, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the softening fire!
And by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.

[1] The lines enclosed by brackets are taken from 'Gideon.' See a similar tribute to the same production in Dyer's poems.

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Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!
With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
[Wafted in charmful music through the air!]
Unstop'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes the' Almighty's ear!

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
That Gideon, born to set his country free.
O, that such heroes in each age might rise,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-star,
Generous in triumph, and in council wise!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron, shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vast description of their rage?
Or, when to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hama call for aid,
Lost and bewilder'd in despair,
How piercing are the hapless lover's cries?
What tender strokes in melting accents rise?
Oh, what a masterpiece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joash shows thy sweetness less,
When, like kind Heav'n, he frees 'em from distress!

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image shines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot shines,
We, in that image, bright Hillarius view!

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Let the low crowd who love unwholesome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like gross-fed spirits sick in purer air,
Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose!
Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light.
But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
[And show thee glittering in abstracted day.]

VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Polly, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight denied;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, should your sex defame!
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn; yet should my passion change or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
Your love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

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VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD, BEING PRESENTED BY THE HON. MRS. KNIGHT TO THE LIVING OF GOSFIELD IN ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons, rise
Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind
Are wisdom, purity, and truth, enshrin'd.
A modest merit now she plans to lift,
Thy living, Gosfield, falls her instant gift.
'Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.'
She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To science moral, and religious truth.
She sought where the disinterested friend,
The scholar, sage, and free companion, blend;
The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

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VERSES

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, WITH THE WANDERER, A POEM: ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE, WHERE A YOUNG MAN TURNS HERMIT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE OLYMPIA.

When with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair exprest,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my Muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

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OF PUBLIC SPIRIT,

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES. 1737.

CONTENTS.

OF reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges, the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave-trade censured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain! here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be hers a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!
Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail arts, where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
These wondrous works, O Muse, successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise!

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What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose aguish influence tainted heaven before.
The solid isthmus sinks a watry space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood, deepening, rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road, yon arch, connective, bends.
Where ports were chok'd, where mounds, in vain,
arose;
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.
When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the lighthouse kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count still, my Muse, (to count what Muse can
cease?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise:
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain,
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—his option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, as who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless leafless, and uncultur'd plains

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Here herbs of food and physic plenty show'rs,
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.
On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noontide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays;
Now darkens, regularly wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now centre, now commande, or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bow'rs!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled toil
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art.
Thus in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.
When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;

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From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British, hence, with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whims appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters Nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless, strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thin'd mankind;
Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable will
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil,
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage;
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Lest the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.
Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride:
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise pindgeon.

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Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall, when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit shine!
Such theatres, as Athens once were thine!
See! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possest,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest;
What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each favourite folly into shame.
With liberal light the tragic charms the age;
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character, distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes the' unclosing doors,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor.
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whose height the heavens
admire;
(She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening
spire;

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At her command the college roofs ascend;
For Public Spirit still is Learning's friend.
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp completes,
Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats.
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and mineral veins;
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history, past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots silence inspire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire;
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire.
Far let it lead, by well pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice senate chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine.
But now be all the generous goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign.
Ye sons of misery attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand.
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
E'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From continent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
This war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?

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Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desperate grown;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.
This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
'And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier soil,
To conquest lead 'em, and enrich with spoil?
Bid 'em convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, Discovery!'—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Lybia's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild.

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How many sons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
'Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There shall the watry lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own,
The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here the' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by Heaven for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and Heav'n the praise;
Shall it then be?—Indignant here she rose,
(Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
'No! by each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deified by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.

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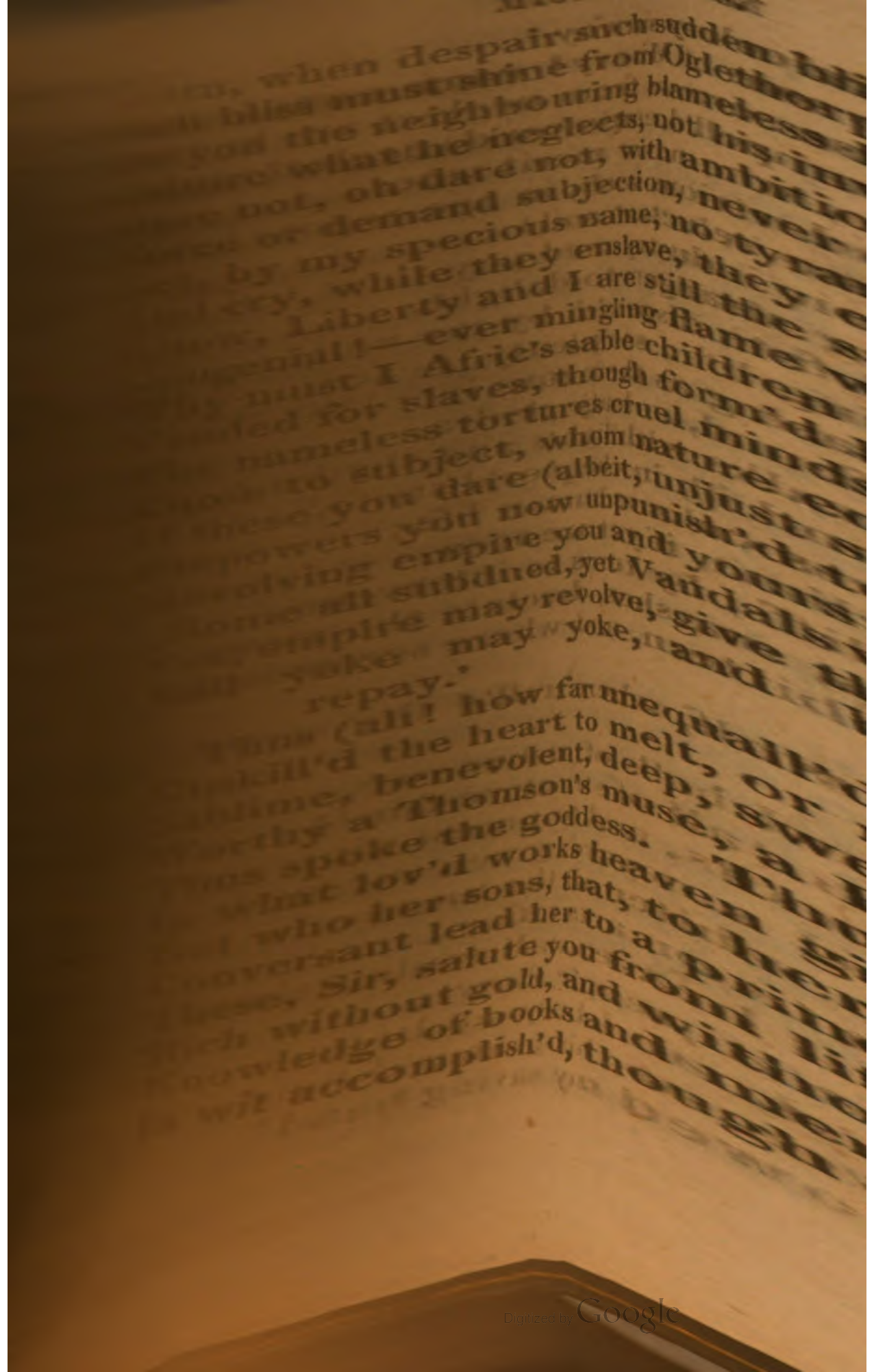

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Rape, I a future colony survey!
Come then, ye sons of Misery! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone;
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth the industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live, enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life;
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science science, arts on arts refine;
On these, from high, all heaven shall smiling shine,
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy, all below.
'Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers owed my saving hand!

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Learn, when despair
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe on me
Be you the neighbouring blameless
Culture what he neglects, not his invade
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection, never due;
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize;
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free?
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
(Rome still subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome!)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke for yoke, and blood for blood repay.'

Thus (all how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomson's muse, a Frederick's ear,
Thus spoke the goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great;
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,

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Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd:
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite.
Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince, rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

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THE

ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

In Animalcules, Muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minutest things may swarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they stray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtil beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And seek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began;
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

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But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve;
They matter, through all forms pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Mans a patron to the bays,
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

In Rome, this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Rutilius,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it reminisces glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too seldom perfect cures befal it:
The Muse may term it beauty's foe;
In physic, the small-pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague to' assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course:
Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, subtle sprite,
Did with the poison in repair.

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The' infection from the heart it steers,
The infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

And now, it mouldering, wastes away
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen;
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

Its pristine virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own.

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AN

APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF A CERTAIN MIMIC OF ANACREON.

CAN I matchless charms recite?
Source of ever-springing light!
Could I count the vernal flow'rs,
Count in endless time the hours;
Count the countless stars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!
(Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
Purified by fires like thine!)
Then I'd strike the sounding string!
Then I'd thy perfection sing.
Mystic world!—Thou something more!
Wonder of the' Almighty's store!
Nature's depths we oft descry,
Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'st (like heaven) enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we pursue!
Charms in shining throngs we view!
Number'd then could nature's be,
Nature's self were poor to thee.

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TO THE EXCELLENT

MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ. ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

THE

GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners and the heart humane;
A nature ever great and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows:

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Reason, by narrow principles unchoch'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too; [sense:
Thence taste, thence truth, which will from taste
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise,
In one wish'd view, the' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARACTER

OF

THE REV. JAMES FOSTER.

* * * * * * * *
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From Codex hear, ye' ecclesiastic men,
This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Venn;
Attend ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
First wealth, a crosier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conscience,
In modes of worship right of choice deny; [claim;
Say, to convert, all means are fair—add, why?

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'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That persecution then is charity;
Call reason error; forms, not things, display,
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foster well this honest truth extends
Where mystery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain; [vain;
Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though not
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth, [worth,
'Tis that bright crown which Heaven reserves for
A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God:
In him from Christian, moral light can shine;
Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic pow'r;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mir'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage;
Charms, which the unthinking must to thought ex-
Lo! vice less vicious, virtue more upright: [cite;
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who to abhor thy heart, and head despise,

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
But should some churchman, aping wit severe,
The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, wheresoe'er she dwells;
And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
Hers is all praise—if hers, 'tis, Foster, thine.
Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotson; and Rome her Fenelon [1],

THE

POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A STATESMAN.

Some seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
'Seek the great man!' they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him if I court fortune, I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

[1] In this character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the Muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controversialist are forgotten.

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There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
'Those love him: let those serve him!—why should [I?'
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state;
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him, with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.
Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which should those thoughts in-[spire;
To starve on hope; or, like cameleons, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

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But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.
What though I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste!
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish, could aught my memory save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life, no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say I had parts, too moderate to transcend;
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not to' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope esteem'd, I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

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TO

DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own:
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires;
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant most pleas'd, when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shown in tints like these.
Say, Delia, must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bantering to reveal,
And never known one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wandering mind;
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;

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Or, when a book or thought from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
Yours—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let Judgment, Truth, the Muse, and Love decide.
What, yours!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
Is it? the Muse with doubt—Love answers NO:
You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
Yes, Judgment thinks, and Truth will YES, reply.

ON THE

RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

Long a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight,
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.

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Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, though mute each Muse ap-
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears. [pears,
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening, bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—
Great god of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own bounty's almost rival'd there. [vance?
Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death ad-
Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, encrease of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening, feels,
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious powers, gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

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FULVIA.

Let Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good-natur'd than when most severe;
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic? the divine how odd?
What terms of wit play smartly on her God?
The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqued at them, straight pities me.
She, like benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, through a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
With see-saw sounds and nonsense not my own,
She screws her features, and she cracks her tone.
'How fine your Bastard? why so soft a strain?
What such a mother? Satirize again!'
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look?
My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.

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Thus she: 'What's poetry, but to amuse?
Might I advise—there are more solid views.'
With a cool air she adds: 'This tale is old:
Were it my case, it should no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
You know—but when are wits, like women, wise?
True, it may take, but think whate'er you list,
All love the satire, none the satirist.'

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile;
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile:
'Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?'
'Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.'
Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all:
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream:
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Mild rose the morn; the face of nature bright
Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;

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When, lo! before me, on the southern shore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle?
Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
Gives Peace to gladden, sheltering Law to spread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich Industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems, every art, exprest,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.

'My words, (he cried) my words observance
Resound, ye Muses, and receive 'em, Fame! [claim!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride:
I, with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
The' enslav'd to free, the' enslaver to control.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
This godlike plan'd; that finish'd like a god!
And while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.

'Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
Still Heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the branch auspicious shoot!
He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread:
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head;
Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!

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He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky,
Where, in gay vision, round the' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spied,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!'

Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.
Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supplied;
To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.

What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dim'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stop'd short her last adieu:
E'en now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
The' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;
These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!

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For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in pray'rs!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy, to greet thee on the Belgic shore.
May future times, when their fond praise would tell
How most their favourite characters excel;
How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
So great! so blest!—Such Anne and Nassau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semideus est,
Qui te potitur est deus.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

Happy the man, who in thy sparkling eyes
His amorous wishes sees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In sounds, which love, harmonious love, inspire;
On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his listening soul,
Till admiration form intense desire.

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Half-deity is he who warm may press
Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a god!—is of all heaven possest.

THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

ADDRESSED TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES, A YOUNG WIDOW LADY OF LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave ethereal stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all applied—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, the' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.

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Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large they rise;
Seen by the Muse, though hid from mortal eyes.
More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
That purest temple where perfection reigns.
A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
Beyond that lessening waist two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh-peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure-wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;

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Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New graces, to those eyes, mild shades allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
Two little porches, (which, one sense empow'rs,
To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)
In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten Beauty's face.
To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
Its first, last, choicest incense, offer here!
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
Music and Reason, Poësy and Love.
Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All with a nameless air and mien unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Turn'd is your melting tongue, and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while Nature spreads the simple meal,

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The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The Virtues, chastity and truth impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.
Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And Love still follows where she leads the way.
From every gift of Heaven to charm is thine,
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

ON

FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

Sure of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd History—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a lie proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

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History, from air or deep draws many a sprite,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus History, by machine, mock-epic seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
The devil, who priest and sorcerer must obey,
The sorcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay.
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot sly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.
But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.

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Peace be with Curl—with him I want all strife,
Who pens each fellow's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with lucious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
Materials, which belief in gazetter claim,
Loose-strung, ran jingling into history's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies,
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile,
Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals the intrigue.
Queens, with their minions, work uncomely things,
And boys grow dukes, when eunuchs to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus slander popular, o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some usurp names—an English gazetteer,
From minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Menager.[1]
Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair;

[1] 'The Minutes of Mons. Menager;' a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Menager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated.

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Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.
One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.

Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.
Cont'ning faction crowd to hear its roar:
But, when once heard, it dies to noise no more!
From these no answer, no applause from these,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ——— in some deep debate:
He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
In sly contempt, some, 'Hear him! Hear him!' cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.

But dare such miscreants now rash abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters, and recent things?
Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and slander screen'd!
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;

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To secret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plan'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's, far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid selected friends;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
Here, though a century scarce such leaves unclose,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen the unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;
By every language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame!

A CHARACTER.

Fair Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like Fortescue [1] humane,

[1] The Honourable William Fortescue, Esq; one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread,
How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low cases, rose a Judge,
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense flung
And on low juries breathes contagious slumber,
His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
Nor e'er 'one uncorrupted finger shows[2].'
See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord exprest!
Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest;
Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse;
Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Contest stops short, Consent yields every cause,
To cost; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudg'd with insult, wondrous pity draws.
But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
Must hang to please him, when of spleen possest;
Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder still?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed.

[2] 'When Page one uncorrupted finger shows,'
Duke of Wharton.

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Whose savage mind wants sophist art to draw
O'er murder'd virtue specious veils of law?
Why, student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he sits;
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite.
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks and well report:
Let his own words against himself point clear,
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

DELINEATED[1].

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim;
What different honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
Now silver Isis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
Then weds with Thame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp strike wondering China's eye;

[1] The author preferred this title to that of 'London and Bristol Compared;' which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

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And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants India's eastern freight,
India, her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind,
Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight:
Whose patriot virtue lawless power controls;
Their British emulating Roman souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol, now,
With native malice lift thy lowering brow!
Then as some hell-born sprite, in mortal-guise,
Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast:
Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
Insidious now our bosom-secrets steal,
And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal;
Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.

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What friendship canst thou boast, what honours
claim?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name,
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite?
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each others crimes their own expose;
Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves;
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense;
As full of turbulence as void of sense:
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn?
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters, in a trice,
The lurking seeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from
schools,
Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharping knave.
Boast petty-courts, where, 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas:
'Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
Attornies chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctor's rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.

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Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.)
To give the attorney and the catchpole prey
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Not to chastise the offender, but destroy;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentence'd lies;

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boast thy base Tolsey [1], and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy Halliers' [2] horses, and thy human hogs;

[1] A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 496.

[2] Halliers are the persons who drive or lead the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.

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Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see;
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.
Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF SHAKSPEARE'S KING HENRY VI. AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED BEFORE THE PLAY, FROM A SPURIOUS COPY.

To-night a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants, view
What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandsire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.
Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;

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Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields the' attempted virtuous mind,
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

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EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, OF LLANELLY IN CARMARTHENSHIRE.

In her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, Heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a second race rose numerous round.
Heav'n to industrious virtue blessing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Though frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry acquir'd;
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
Farewell the friend, who spar'd the' assistant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewell, the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing swell,
Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

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THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREATE.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1781-2.

No. I.

Twice twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since Hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to skreen,
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you pow'r, because you love to bless,
And pity, when you feel it, is redress.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The Senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heaven thus, lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our pray'rs,
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.

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Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My Queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue;
A Bastard son, alas! on that side too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muse denies, the Queen inspire,
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great Princess! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;
Your poet shall allot your Lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.
Is there a greatness that adorns his breast?
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?
Has he foremeant some distant age to bless,
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er a state?
The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his Queen.
Such be the annual truths my verse imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if placid, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try;

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Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name;
Benobled thus by wreaths my Queen bestows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1820.

No. II.

'GREAT Princess, 'tis decreed once every year
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer.
So sung the Muse; nor sung the Muse in vain:
My Queen accepts, the year renews the strain.
Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was shade.
Fortune to life each flowery path denied;
No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
Which spectres haunted, and the Muses fled;
Ruins in pensive emblem seem'd to rise,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
But hark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers!
Disperse, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn
The first, the fairest of her sex was born!

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How swift the change? Cold, wintry horrors fly;
Where'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye!
Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
In cordial air soft fragrance floats along;
Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!
Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays!
Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers!
And sweet ascend, and fair unfold, ye flowers!
Ye roses, lilies, yon we earliest claim,
In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
And send your scentful tribute to the skies;
Diffusive like yon Royal Branches smile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!
Attend, ye Muses! mark the feather'd quires!
Those the spring wakes, as you the Queen inspires.
O, let her praise for ever swell your song!
Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
And there let Heaven and her reflected shine!
As when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
Cheerful the vegetative world aspire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
The' enlivening influence of a milder sky;
So gives her birth, (like yon approaching spring)
The land to flourish, and the Muse to sing.
'Twas thus Zenobia on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone;
Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!

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Is there (so high he you, great princess, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to soar, by your sweet influence taught;
In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell;
Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will shine;
Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine!
The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;
All while they rise, and in their course exprest
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
A queen, where'er true greatness spreads in fame;
Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, nor of zeal too much;
Where these behold, as on this bless'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns
Where'er diffusive goodness smiles, a Queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!
See nations round, of every wish possest;
Life in each eye, and joy in every breast!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain
No!—let the poet stop unequal lays,
And to the just historian yield your praise.

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THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No. IV.

In youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.
Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine;
Of faded cheek, of unelated views;
Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who shuns the' oppress'd, to fortune only kind;
Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress,
How shall the fire awake within my breast?
How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praise?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
These with fair days, and gentle seasons glow:
Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.
But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night:

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It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muse;
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
A stranger long to misery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the first flowers and foliage of the spring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming, her ethereal eyes!
Soft as the Pleiads o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
And shows Ambition's sons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine,
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That, breath'd through shepherd's pipe, enchants the vale!
Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the Muse presents the scene;
Where silvan pleasures ever smile serene;
Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muse, and love;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.

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These soothe my throbbing breast. No loss I
mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel mother? No—I've seen,
From Heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honour and wealth I cheerfully resign;
If competence, if learned ease be mine!
If I by mental, heartfelt joys, be fir'd,
And in the vale, by all the Muse inspir'd!
Here cease my plaint—See you enlivening scenes!
Child of the spring! Behold the best of Queens!
Softness and Beauty rose this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd Wisdom, and Benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose;
Like that which Spring o'er rural Nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty glad the isle.
Lo! Industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone;
But sees the harvest of a world his own.
Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old Ocean's arm,
Loaded with India's wealth thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High culture blooms, inviting villas shine;

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And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.
'Come then, (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse)
Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing scene
Shows, in each view, the genius of thy Queen.
Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song!
Hear her sweet-warbling through the feather'd throng!
Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
And with the vegetative smile delight!
Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
The goodness of thy parent, Queen, and Heaven!
'With me, each private virtue lifts the voice;
While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
O'er all thy Queen's benevolence descends,
And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
As Winter softens into Spring to You
Blooms Fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
Still, for past bounty, let new lays impart
The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
Cast through the telescope of hope your eye!
There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
Behold! he spreads one universal spring!
Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
Oppression then shall fly, with want and shame,
And blessing and existence be the same!'

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THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. V.

Lo! the mild sun salutes the opening Spring,
And gladdening Nature calls the Muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance, fill the gale.
Yet mildest suns to me are pain severe,
And music's self is discord to my ear!
I, jocund Spring, unsympathizing, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find?
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From absent books, what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
A genius whisper'd in my ear—'Go seek
Some man of state! the Muse your wrongs may speak.'—
'But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
The happy seldom heed the' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires!
Why, by the proud and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!'

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Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd:
'Hope I am call'd, (said he) a heaven-born child!
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may:
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust is never to deserve.
Did not this day a Caroline disclose?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chase away despair;
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief.'
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear:
Arm'd thus, my Queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures;
Since to be wretched, is, to be made yours.

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THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. VI.

Ye spirits bright, that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!

The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray:—
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.

The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year:
O Muse, awake! descend and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To Her, the pride of arts! the Muse's song.

Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray:
The storms of faction cease to roar.
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
At vernal suns as wintry tempests cease,
She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

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THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1st of March, 1737-8.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE MAJESTY.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY.

No. VII.

Oft has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now, to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave:
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from her; and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
Who often squander, yet who never gave;
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore;
Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.

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The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous e'en themselves, more generous grew,
Learn'd the shun'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to trace;
To goodness, delicacy, adding grace.
The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty show'r,
And knew no limit but a bounded pow'r.
This truth the widow's sighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wise beheld her learning's summit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one science point a stedfast eye,
That science—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight
Arise her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain:
Ah! how sublime the bliss! how deep the pain!
And, thou, bright Princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky,
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and Nature be no more.
Yet shall the Muse a heavenly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee;
Beyond e'en this, she hails with joyous lay
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;

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A day, that sees thee born, beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Born to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft ray on this our gloomy scene.

With me now Liberty and Learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be supreme in grief?
So vied thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet so well obey.

Deign one look more! ah! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those, that still must fall from grateful eyes,
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own, when most their sovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguish happy, if permitted here
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

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A POEM,

SACRED TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF OUR LATE MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LORD KING GEORGE I. INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE DODINGTON, ESQ.

LET gaudy mirth, to the blithe carrol-song,
In loose light measur'd numbers dance along;
Thou, Muse, no flow'ry fancies here display,
Nor warble with the cheerful lark thy lay.
In the dark cypress grove, or moss-grown cell,
Where dreary ravens haunt, would sorrow dwell!
Where ghosts, that shun the day, come sweeping by,
Or fix in melancholy frenzy's eye;
Yet now she turns her flight to scenes of state,
Where wealth and grandeur weep the frowns of fate!
Wealth, want, rank, power, here each alike partakes,
As the shrub bends, the lofty cedar shakes;
To her wide view is no contraction known,
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne.
O Exclamation! lend thy sad relief!
O Dodington! indulge the righteous grief!
Distant, I've long beheld, in thee, transcend
The poet, patron, patriot, and the friend.
Thou, who must live in truth's remotest page,
Form'd to delight, and dignify an age;
Whose words, whose manners, and whose mind declare,
Each grace, each moral, and each Muse are there;
Accept this posy, void of venal aim,
Made sacred by the Royal Master's name.

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But why, O Muse! are songful hours thy choice?
Lost is the life, whose glory lifts thy voice!
George is no more! As at the doomful sound
Of the last trump, all nature feels the wound!
Each private, each distinguish'd virtue bleeds!
And what but lamentation long succeeds?
Where wilt thou then for apt allusions fly?
What eloquence can throbbing grief supply?
Late, golden pleasures urg'd their shining way,
With George they flourish'd, and with George decay!
Now dusky woes o'er varied scenes extend,
Groans rise! rocks echo! and chill damps descend!
Grief strikes my view with ever-weeping eyes,
At her wan look, each lively fancy dies.
In fear, in hope, dull rest, or ruffling storms,
Thus woe besets us, though in various forms!
That dire event of youth's ungovern'd rage!
That dear-bought knowledge to declining age!
In want, in scorn, it haunts an humble state,
'Tis care, 'tis envy, to perplex the great!
A kingdom's curse, it in dissention brings;
Or heavier falls, when falls the best of Kings!
Worth it exalts, when aiming to debase;
'Tis virtue's triumph, or 'tis guilt's disgrace!
It humbles life, yet dignifies our end;
Reflection's torment, yet reflection's friend!
Then let the Muse her meaning notes resume,
And pay due sorrows to the hallow'd tomb.
Was there a glory, yet to greatness known,
That not in Brunswick's soul superior shone?
Ill fare the man, who, rob'd in purple pride,
To wounded worth has no relief apply'd!
Benevolence makes pow'r to prudence dear,
When pity weeps, what pearl excels the tear?

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When not one virtue glows to bless mankind,
When pride's cold influence petrifies the mind;
Let the Prince blaze with gems!—in wisdom's view,
An emblem of the rock, where once they grew!
Yet springs gush out, to prove ev'n rocks can flow
In rills refreshful to the vales below.
Why has he pow'r, and why no heart to cheer,
Unseeing eyes, and ears that will not hear?
Swift, as his bliss, shall his light name decay,
Who, self indulgent, sports his hours away!
But, oh!—what love, what honour shall he claim,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame?
He (truly Great!) his useful pow'r refines,
By him discover'd worth exalted shines;
Exalted worth, the' enlivening act repeats,
And draws new virtues from obscure retreats:
He, as the first, creative influence, prais'd,
Smiles o'er the beings which his bounty rais'd.
Such, Dodington, thy Royal Master shin'd,
Such thou, the image of thy Monarch's mind.
Nations were balanc'd by his guardian skill,
Like the pois'd planets by the' all powerful will.
Mark the Swede succour'd! mark the aspiring Czar!
Check'd are his hopes, and shun'd the naval war.
By George the Austrian eagle learns to tower,
While the proud Turk shakes, conscious of her power;
But when her menace braves our envied shore,
She trembles at the British lion's roar;
Trembles, though aided by the force of Spain,
And India's wealth!—'gainst Brunswick, all, how vain?
He bade thy honour, Albion, foremost shine!
His was the care, unmeasur'd bliss was thine!

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Yet oft against his virtue faction rose!
An angel, if thy monarch, would have foes.
Come, Charity, first born of virtue's line!
Come meek-ey'd Mercy, from the seat divine!
Pure Temp'rance, mistress of a tranquil mind,
By whom each sensual passion stands confin'd!
Fix'd Fortitude, from whom fierce peril flies!
By whom (O soul of action!) empires rise!
Fair justice, author of a godlike reign!
Peace, plenty, liberty adorn thy train!
Lov'd Prudence! queen of virtues! blissful dame!
Parent and guide of each illustrious aim!
From whose firm step confusion turns in flight,
That shapeless spawn of anarchy and night!
From whom kind Harmony deduc'd her race,
Then order, all in one united grace!
And thou Religion! truest, heav'nly friend!
Whom these alone establish, these defend!
Assemble to the wailing Muse's call!
Weep o'er the clay-cold breast that held you all!
O death, rouze all these terrors to thy aid,
Weak fear, or wisest valour would evade!
Whether foul pestilence in dire array,
Red war, or pale-ey'd famine point your way,
What can you more than kingdoms overthrow?
What aim'd you less, when Brunswick felt the blow?
But, mark!—Augustus, still above thy rage,
Steps forth to give a second golden age.
Ye great Plantagenets! distinguish'd race!
One greater meets you on celestial space.
And thou, Nassau, the fairest noblest name!
Ev'n mid the blest, superior still thy flame!
Behold an equal now!—how dear the' embrace!
Oh, fly!—present him at the throne of grace!

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'Tis done!—he's crown'd with a resplendent joy,
Which care shall never dim, nor time destroy.
See!—from yon golden cloud, amidst a band
Of angel-pow'rs, once patriots of the land,
Soft leaning o'er Britannia's weeping isle,
And shedding sweet a fond, paternal smile;
Pointing, the visionary seraph cries,
'Suspend thy tears! behold a Sov'reign rise,
Thy second George! whose reign shall soon disclose
All that mine gave, and heav'n in grace bestows.'
He said,—again, with majesty refin'd,
Up-wing'd to realms of bliss, the' ethereal mind.

FINIS.

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